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FIRST GATE OF ENGAKUJI

CONTENTS

KAMAKURA

BY

YONE NOGUCHI

*With Illustrations*

YOKOHAMA

KELLY & WALSH

JAPAN

1910

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
BY THE ENGAKUJI TEMPLE ...	I
THE TEMPLE OF SILENCE ...	3
A LEGEND OF THE BUDDHA'S TOOTH...	25
BY A BUDDHA TEMPLE...	35
UNDISCOVERED KAMAKURA ...	36
THE WONDER OF BRONZE ...	51
BY THE DAIBUTSU AT KAMAKURA ...	61
NICHIREN...	63
THE HACHIMAN SHRINE...	74
ENOSHIMA ...	84

## CONTENTS

Foreword	1	1
1. The Labor in Town	1	1
2. The Town in Society	1	1
3. A Guide to the Town's Tools	25	25
4. A Town Family	32	32
5. A Town Economy	36	36
6. The Horizon of Town	42	42
7. The Town as a Medium	48	48
8. Conclusion	53	53
9. The Town in Society	57	57
10. Acknowledgments	60	60

## KAMAKURA.

### BY THE KOBAKUJI TEMPLE MOON NIGHT

Transl. the tenth of poems.  
(O music of music!)  
Down sweeps the moon  
To fill my cup of song  
With autumn's wine.

Artist the song of night and moon,  
(O perfume of perfume!)  
My soul, as a wind  
Whose bairn's too full to sing,  
Only rains allay.....

Down the tide of the river night  
(O the music's gentle rise!)



## KAMAKURA

BY THE ENGAKUJI TEMPLE  
MOON NIGHT

THROUGH the breath of perfume,  
(O music of musics !)  
Down creeps the moon  
To fill my cup of song  
With memory's wine.

Across the song of night and moon,  
(O perfume of perfumes !)  
My soul, as a wind  
Whose heart's too full to sing,  
Only roams astray.....

Down the tide of the sweet night  
(O the ecstasy's gentle rise !)

The birds, flowers and trees  
Are glad at once to fall  
Into Oblivion's ruin white

## THE TEMPLE OF SILENCE

I STEPPED into the desolation of the Temple of Silence, Engakuji of famous Kamakura, that Completely-Awakened Temple, under the blessing of dusk ; it is at evening that the temple tragically soars into the magnificence of loneliness under a chill air stirred up from the mountains and glades by the roll of the evening bell. I stepped in Engakuji at the right hour. I had journeyed from Tokyo, the hive of noise, here to read a page or two of the whole language of silence which, far from mocking you with all sorts of crazy-shaped interrogation marks, soothes you with the song of prayer. In truth, I came here to confess how little is our human intellect. I slowly climbed the steps, and passed by many a *tatchu* temple like Shorei An, Zoroku An—dear is this name of Tortoise Temple—and others which serve as vassals to great Engakuji, and finally reached the priest hall to learn to my no small delight that the opening ceremony of Dai Setshin

or "Great Meeting with Spirit" was going to be held that night.

The year for the priests of the Zen sect, to which this Engakuji belongs, is divided into four parts, each called a *Ge* which is three months; and the two *ges* running from February 15th to May 15th, and from August 15th to November 15th, called *Gekan* or *Seikan* meaning "Excused from Rule," are the months of freedom for the *daishu* as we call priests, while they have to strictly observe every asceticism during the other two *ges*. We call these "Within the Rule" or *Seichu*; and the most important time during the *seichus* is the week of *Dai Setshin* which falls three times during the period from May 15th to August 15th. Now as this was the 14th of May I was to have an opportunity to be present at the Opening Ceremony of the "Great Meeting with Spirit" which I had wished to attend for some long time.

The hall was not yet lighted as it was a little before seven o'clock (that is the time of candles lighted) when I quietly crawled into it as a wandering breeze after the soul of Nirvana; and

I was at once conducted by a young priest into the Assembly Chamber. I said he was a young man ; but who knows whether he were not an old priest ? It seemed to me that I was already led in a magic atmosphere under whose world-old incense —what a song of exclamation !—I lost all sense of time and place. Here the priests wrapped in silence appeared to my eyes as if they had returned a long time ago to the grey elements of nature which stand above Life and Death. And it is the very problem of Life and Death you have to solve with the Zen philosophy, if you like to call it philosophy. The chamber, although it was quite dark already, could be seen to be wider than fifty mats ; and here and there I observed that the *Kojis* or laymen were taking their own places, doubtless communing in souls with the silence which does not awe you, but to which you have to submit yourself without a challenge, with a prayer. Silence is not here a weapon as it might happen to be in some other place ; it is a gospel whose unwritten words can be read through the virtue of self-forgetting. I was gracefully enter-

ing into dream which is the retreat in the world of silence where no wind or speech are, when the priest brought into the chamber the lighted candles, announcing that the ceremony would soon begin. Right before me a candle whose yellow flame rose in the shape of your folded hands in prayer to the Buddhist idol which I could observe behind the lattice door of the holy dais of the chamber. What a face of profundity which is but mystery. And that mystery will grow at once the soul of simplicity which is that of nature. I was told that the Buddha was nobody but the right mind to whom the perfect assimilation with great Nature is emancipation, and that you and I could be the Buddha right on the spot. It is the dignity of this Zen Buddhism to soar out from devotion, pity, love and the like; it is not a religion in your understanding perhaps, but the highest state of mind before yourself was born, breaking the chord of the world. You have to leave your human knowledge before you may enter here. And so I did, to the best of my ability.

The *hangi* or wooden block was tapped and the priests, fifty in all, slipped into the chamber from another independent house called the Meditation House, shaven-headed, black-robed spectres from the abyss of night ; and they muttered the holy name, then sat down in a row by the *shojis*. A moment later, a grey coughing voice was heard without, and then the stepping sound of straw slippers on the pavement ; I looked back, and observed three *bonboris* (paper-shaded hand candle-sticks) floating forward, and then the four figures of priests ; the chief priest who lives in a house on the other side was coming, led by his attendants. The silence of the chamber was intensified when they stepped in and took their own places ; the chief priest by the name of Sokai Miyaji sat before the Buddha idol's lattice door. He was a man of sixty, heavily built, and sleepy in face, doubtless from his saturation in silence : he wore robe of yellowish brown color, and a large scarf of old brocade across his shoulder. He looked around and said "Hai." We with all the priests bent our heads upon the mat, and kept

them so, while the chief priest finished the reading of Shogaku Kokushi's words of warning :

" We have three classes of students : one who casts away every affinity with fire, and studies his own self, is the very best. There is one whose practice is not so particularly pure, but he loves to learn ; he is in the middle class ; while one who quenches his own spiritual light and delights in licking the Buddha's saliva is of the lowest. If there's one who drinks only the beauty of books, and lives by writing, we call him a shaven-headed layman, and he cannot be in even the lowest class of our students. (How despicable is one who writes for writing's sake.) And, of course, we cannot admit one into our Buddhist circle, who spends his time dissolutely eating and sleeping too fully ; the ancient worthies used to call such a one a clothes-horse and a rice-bag. He is not a priest at all, and cannot be allowed to step into the temple ground as a student ; indeed, even his temporary visit cannot be permitted, and of course, he cannot beg to stay here with us. Thus I say ; but you must



THE FAMOUS BELL AT ENGAKUJI



not regard me as one who lacks sympathy and love. And I only wish our students to find out their wrong and correct their faults, so as to become a seed and grass of Buddhism and grow."

Then the chief priest told a story :

" Jun Ubon of the To dynasty of China, one day, was drinking under an oak tree with his friend, when he fell asleep ; presently he was told by a man dressed in black that he was sent to take him to the palace of the Kingdom of Oak Tree under the king's command. Ubon and the messenger rode in a carriage together, and reached the gate of the kingdom where the king in white dress and red crown welcomed Ubon. And he was told by the king that he had to marry his daughter who was lovely as a fairy ; one hundred musicians played music, and ten thousand candles were lighted when Ubon was conducted to the wedding hall. They married, and were happy ; and they soon became father and mother of many children. There's nothing like days which run so speedily. Ubon was appointed king of the Kingdom of Peach Blossom

whither he took his wife and a thousand servants with him ; and the story says that he stayed there some twenty years though Ubon thought it was only yesterday that he reached the Kingdom of Peach Blossom. Then he was summoned back to the Kingdom of Oak Tree, and asked to take of the office of his father-in-law. And about that time his wife died. With the song of grief and tears he buried her ; and after that, Ubon began to think of his old home, his love for which he could not forget. The old king consented to his return home ; one day, he sent him out with the same carriage which he rode in such a long time ago along the same road he travelled before when first he came to the kingdom. In truth, his dream was ended. And then he thought that the sight of the gate of the kingdom was behind a cloud. He looked around, and saw the boys sweeping the ground by the oak tree. Ubon explored with his friend the big hollow of the oak tree whence a thousand ants swarmed. And among them was one biggest ant, reddish-headed, with white wings ; he looked apparently

to be the king of the ants ; it reminded Ubon of the old king in his dream. And also he observed a little heap of clay which was the crude shape of the grave of his dead wife of his dream. He thought it strange and even ghastly. That night it rained hard ; when he visited the tree again the next morning all the ants, he found, were gone away somewhere."

"Now which was the dream and which reality ?" the chief priest asked. "There is no dream which is not born from the bosom of reality ; and we have no reality which does not sing of dream. You might call our life a dream if you will ; and there is no harm either to think of it as a reality. But the main point is that you have to soar out from the dream and the reality of life, and let me say, from life itself. You must not be fettered by life ; and death is nothing but another phase of nature, and we hear another harmony of beauty and music in it as in life. Let the pine tree be green, and the roses red. We have to observe the mystery of every existence, human or non-human, which do not challenge but

submit to one another, and complete the truth of the universe. And to connect mystery with our Zen religion does no justice ; there is no mystery, whatever, in the world, and truth which may appear to an unclear mind to be a secret is simplicity itself which is the soul of nature and Buddha. To attain to the state of Buddha through the virtue of meditation whose word is silence is our salvation. The language of silence cannot be understood by the way of reason, but through the force of impulse which is abstraction. Shakyamuni, it is said, picked a flower which he showed to all the priests who gathered at Reizan Kaijo ; all of them were silent, but Kayo Sonja smiled. That smile is the truth of self-possession and deliverance ; we long for it."

All the priests stood and read the Dharani of Great Mercy, and ended with their vows of consecration :

" We vow to save all unlimited mankind.

We vow to cut down all the exhaustless lusts.

We vow to learn all the boundless laws.

We vow to complete all the peerless understanding."

Then the tea was poured in our cups, some parched rice slightly sugared was divided on pieces of paper which we carried. (It is the temple's rule not to trouble another's hand.) We drank the tea, and bit the rice, when the chief priest rose and departed in silence, accompanied by his three attendant priests as before. And when their steps became inaudible in the silence of night, and their *bonboris* disappeared in the bosom of darkness, all the priests rose and retired into their Meditation House, and I into the guest room next to the Assembly Chamber conducted by one of the *Fuzuis* or under-secretaries of this priest hall, who left with me a piece of written paper :

"Rising : two o'clock, A. M.

Prayer : three o'clock.

Breakfast : four o'clock.

Offering to the Buddha : eight o'clock.

Prayer : nine o'clock.

Dinner : ten o'clock.

Bell struck : eleven o'clock.

Lecture : one o'clock P. M.

Prayer : half past two o'clock.

Supper : four o'clock.

Evening Bell struck : twenty minutes past  
six o'clock.

Prayer : seven o'clock.

Sleep : nine o'clock."

The room in which I found myself had all the desolation of the senses which scorns the flame of enthusiasm (the subduing of enthusiasm is the first principle here) that I found in the Assembly Chamber ; the silence I felt thickening when I thought that I had nobody, not even a priest silent as a ghost, around me. Now and then, the moaning voice of an owl searched my ear from the back mountain ; and the candle burned lonesomely as my own soul. Indeed, I thought it was the time to hear the very voice of my own soul. Some time ago, I heard the Hangi struck, announcing the time to put the light out, and go to sleep. I am sure that there is many a priest who will meditate all night sitting up in

the darkness ; the darkness for him would be the Buddha's light to lead him into the silence of conception. I tried but in vain to go to sleep, when my own soul—whatever it was—became more awakened. I read the words written on a *kakemono* hung at the *tokonoma* : "Hear the voice of thy hand." It must be one of these questions of which I have heard, put by the chief priest to be answered by the student priests through their own understanding. Here we must find our own salvation by the power of our contemplation. Where is the voice of your hand except in yourself? And again where is the truth except in your own soul? To understand your own self is to understand the truth ; the voice of truth is the voice of your own hand. I raised my head toward the *shōji* through whose broken paper I encountered a star of profundity of silence. "Silence is emancipation," I cried.

I could not rise at two o'clock, next morning, as I wished to ; and I felt ashamed to be called up by a priest to leave my bed and sit up for breakfast. When I made my presence in the

Assembly Chamber which was a dining room in turn, all the priests were already seated silently and even solemnly as on the previous evening. They muttered a short prayer before they brought out their own bowls and chopsticks from under their black robes (they are their only belongings, beside one or two sacred books); I with them had the severest breakfast ever I ate, which consisted only of some gruel chiefly of barley with rice as little as an apology, with a few slices of greens dipped in salt water. However, I enjoyed it as they did. I thought that their diet was far beyond simplicity, while I admit their pride of high thinking. And I wondered if it was asceticism to leave every human lust, and to give the way for spiritual exaltation, to fly in the air as a bird, not to walk like any other animal. It is written, I am told, in the holy book, of the dignity of poverty, which should be protected as a sacred law. (Oh, to think of the luxuries of the West!) Those priests will be sent out begging far and near every month; begging is regarded as divine, while a gift the expression of sacrifice

and self-immolation. They live on charity. They do not beg for the sake of begging, but for the spirit of the Buddha's law; then there is no begging. Meikei of Toganowo, the Buddhist teacher of Yasutoki Hojo, the Hojo feudal prince, was asked to accept a great piece of land of the Tanba province for his temple expenses, and he refused with many thanks, saying that there was no greater enemy than luxury for the priests who, under its mockery, might become dissolute from not observing every holy law. "Mighty Poverty, I pray unto thy dignity to protect Buddhism from spiritual ruin," he exclaimed. Such is the Zen's loftiness; I remember somebody said that he could pray better when he was hungry. I read the "list of charity-receiving" in the office of the Fusu or chief secretary:

"Ten *yen* for the great feast.

Ten *yen* for Pradjna-reading.

Eight *yen* for the general feasting.

Four *yen* for feasting.

Three *yen* and a half for lunch-giving.

Three *yen* for gruel-giving.

Two *yen* and a half for rice-giving as a side food.

Two *yen* for gruel-giving as a side food.

Seventy *sen* for cake-giving.

Thirty *sen* for bath-giving."

No woman is privileged to enter the priest hall ; here the priests themselves wash, cook and sew. The four priests under the Tenzu Ryo take upon themselves the cook's responsibility, while the Densu priests attend to cleaning the dais and idols. And there are the two priests at the Jisha Ryo who will serve Monju Bosatsu, the holy idol enshrined in the Meditation House, to whom they offer tea and bowls of rice at the proper time. Those who take care of the vegetables are called Yenju ; and there are three attendant priests to the chief priest. And the chief secretary with his two assistants manages the whole business of the priest hall.

This Engakuji which embraces the mountainous ground of some five hundred acres where, in the olden days when we had more devotion, more than forty small temples used to stand, though to-



TOKIMUNE HOJO



day only twenty of them survive the accidental destruction of fire, or natural ruin, (by the way, the priest hall belongs to Seizoku In, one of the *tatchu* temples) was founded by Tokimune Hojo, the glorious hero of the Hojo feudal government, who cut off the heads of the envoys of Kublai Khan at Tatsunokuchi, and then destroyed the Mogul armies on the Tsukushi seas. He was a great believer in the Zen Buddhism from whose power he nourished his wonderful spirit of conviction and bravery which triumphed in Japan's first battle with the foreign invasion some six hundred years ago ; and it was to the Chinese priest called Sogen Zenji whom he invited here to this Engakuji that he made his student's obeisance. Indeed, here where I walk in silence under the rain of the twittering of birds from the temple eaves, through the sentinel-straight cedar trees, is the very place. Here he exchanged confidence and faith with mountains and stars. He must have been sitting too in the Meditation House as those fifty priests whom we see to-day ; in truth, *Zazen* or sitting in abstraction is the way to con-

centrate and intensify your mind which will never be alarmed even facing thunder and mountains falling right before your eyes. You have to bend your right leg and set it in the crotch of your left leg which too must be put on your right leg. Then the back of your right hand shall be placed on the left leg, and the back of your left hand within your right palm ; and both of your thumbs shall be raised and joined to form a circle. You must not look up nor down ; your ears and shoulders shall be balanced straight in line, and also your nose and navel. Open your eyes as usual, and breathe in and out slowly. Above all, you must find the place of imaginary existence of your soul right in your left palm. Then your mind will grow into silence as the Buddha upon the lotus flower—what a pure silence of the flower—swimming on the peace of the Universe, not encroached by the sense of life and death, you and nature being perfectly united. Silence is the force of nature : it is the true state in which to perfect one's existence. It is non-action which does not mean inactivity ; it is the full swing of

active actionlessness. It is the very completion of one's health and spirit.

Our forefathers of the fighting age regarded it as a matter of great pride to die right before their master's horse in battle; they thought as one saying goes that to die was to return home. And life for them was a temporary lodge itself which should not be taken seriously. They respected frugality as a virtue; they did not think that speech was a proper defence, and settled themselves in the language of silence. The temple of silence such as Engakuji and others was for them an indispensable sanctum of spiritual education. Here at Kamakura they found their own sanctuaries.

Engakuji was burned down three or four time by the warriors' fire, all except a little temple called Shari Den beside the Meditation House, when some particles of Buddha's bones, some part of his jaw as it is said, are enshrined; I believe that even the boorish hearts of warriors were mellowed under the Buddha's halo. It is a small affair of thirty-six-foot square, crowned with a

thatched roof. As perfect harmony with nature, not only spiritually but also materially, is the keynote of the Zen Buddhism, the soft, dark-brown, aged color of thatch was preferred ; the color itself is that of contentment and submission. The small Shari Den is now under the government's protection as a model structure, though it is small, of the Zen sect temples of the Kamakura period which followed the So style of China. The second gate of the temple ground, that enormity of structure of two stories, carrying all the weariness and silence of ages in color, is a giant of surprise which, however, does not awe-strike you unnecessarily ; but the magnificent aspect of its settled power will make you really wonder whether there may not be a certain power of spirit burning under its ashen surface, by which it is still keeping immensity of dignity. Not only the gate, many other things of the grounds seem soaring out from the grasp of ruin ; I dare say they will exist indefinitely by the power of prayer and silence. Indeed, this is the ground of mystery, however the Zen Buddhism may deny

THE TEMPLE WHERE TOKIMUNE HOJO IS BURIED





it. You will learn, I am sure, that carvings, gargoyle dragons and the like are not everything even for a Japanese temple. And what a grandeur of simplicity ! Let us learn here the grey simplicity of truth !

A somewhat squat building of a similar character of structure with the gate tower, some fifteen *ken* square (one *ken* is six feet), will receive you after the gate, if you wish to offer your prayer ; prayer is the "Great, Shining Clear Treasure" of your mind signified by the tablet carved from the autograph of the Emperor Gokogen which you see above the doors. The floor is paved with the lichen-green squares of tiles which add their tragic emphasis to the already twilight soul of the edifice ; the strangely-gesticulating incense is seen rising from the altar toward Shakyamuni colossal, black-visaged, gold-robed, and with a gold crown, who is accompanied by two lonely figures of guardian Bosatsus. This is the place where you can, by virtue of your prayer, forget your human speech, and rise up into the light of silence. If one could stay

here till the blessed day of Miroku—the expected Messiah whom Buddha promised us to give after the lapse of five thousand years !

## A LEGEND OF THE BUDDHA'S TOOTH\*

IN THE Nehankyo (Nirvana sutra) it is written—  
“The Buddha said unto the Lord of Heaven :—

“Now will I give thee a relic—I will give thee a tooth from my right upper jaw. And thou shalt build a tower in the Heavens and worship, and it shall come to pass that thou shalt attain unto everlasting happiness.....  
Then did Taishaku (Indra—the supreme ruler) bring unto the place of cremation a precious jar (shippo no kame: a jar of seven treasures) and vessels of worship. And behold the fire was extinguished spontaneously. Then did he open the coffin and take one tooth, and returning to the Heavens he builded a tower and made offerings.

“Now two swift devils, making themselves invisible, walked behind Taishaku and did steal the relic of the Buddha's tooth, but Bishamon

---

\* From the “*Japan Gazette*,” June 10th, 1892.

Tenno (Vais'ramana—the God of War?) pursued them and forced them to return the relic."

In the period of the To (T'ang) dynasty there lived a certain holy priest, named Nanzan Dosen Risshi, who devoutly believed in and worshipped Bishamon Tenno, and a saint called I-da-ten (Vēda Rāga), and who had received such miraculous answers to his prayers from both that he marvelled greatly at the benevolent results of worshipping and trusting to their power and mercy. One day, having read in the "Nehankyo" about the Buddha's tooth, he prayed to be enlightened as to the meaning of the passage, and to be allowed to see the relic, and, this being granted, he found that the tooth was actually the same as spoken about in the sacred book. I-da-ten further told Nanzan Dosen Risshi that the relic was now in his (I-da-ten's) possession, and then bestowed it on the priest. Overjoyed at receiving such an inestimable treasure the Risshi guarded the sacred relic as one would hold a jewel in the palm of the hand, whether sleeping or waking kept it constantly in safety. At night he slept holding the relic



SHARI DEN



in his hands, and in the day-time he concealed it in a hole in the ground, and at last he bequeathed it to his disciple Bunko Risshi.

During the To (T'ang) dynasty the Emperor Daiso desired to see the relic ; and again during the So (Sung) dynasty the Emperor Taiso and his son Taiso disbelieving the story, and doubting that the tooth was a real relic of the Buddha, ordered it to be tried by fire, but, as the color even underwent no change, he reverenced it, and, writing a prayer upon it, placed the relic into a silver pagoda, and worshipped.

Later on the Emperors Shinso : Jinso : Eiso : and Kiso worshipped the relic in their palaces, and prayed for blessings at its shrine, and afterward it was placed in the " Noninji " (temple) in the Capital of China.

One night, the Kamakura Udaijin, Lord Sane-tomo Minamoto, had the following vision :—He thought that he went to the Kingdom of So (Sung) and entering a splendid temple he saw a priest, whom he thought to be the Abbot, surrounded by a large concourse of priests and people, who were

so numerous as to fill the entire grounds of the church. Then Sanetomo enquired from a priest, who stood looking on, who the Abbot was, and what temple he was in, and the priest replied—“This is the ‘Nominji’ (temple) of the Capital, and that Abbot is ‘Nanzan Dozen Risshi,’ the founder.” Again Sanetomo spoke and said: “But the Risshi died ages ago!—how can he then be here in the land of the living?”

“It is hard to measure and understand the path of sages” said the priest. “Therefore, although dead, they live, and although living yet they are with the dead. According to the time and place they live and die, and die and live. He is now Sanetomo of Great Japan, and in life. The priest now standing to the left of the Abbot has been born again—it is the rule of Sansara (metempsychosis)—he lives in Yukinoshita at Kamakura and is Ryoshin Sodzu.” Shortly afterward, Sanetomo awoke, and, thinking the dream very strange, sent a messenger to call Ryoshin Sodzu, but in the meanwhile Ryoshin Sodzu had likewise had a vision, and had started out to visit the

Udaijin's palace, so, meeting the messenger half-way, both came into Sanetomo's presence together. On comparing notes it was found that their dreams were both alike, and, while they wondered at the coincidence, the founder of the Jufukuji—Senko Zenshi—arrived and told the same story.

Sanetomo, now clearly perceiving that he was Nanzan Dosen Risshi in a new birth, conceived a great desire to travel to China, see the sacred soil, and worship the Buddha's tooth, but the project was discountenanced by Yoshitoki, Hojo Lord of Sagami, and his younger brother Tokifusa, Lord of Musashi, who strongly admonished him and advised him not to proceed. Sanetomo, however, was not so easily led, and, determining to carry out his idea, ordered a sea-going vessel to be constructed for the voyage; but the officers and artizans engaged in the task consulted together, and purposely built a boat which would not sail properly, and when it was finished it was, of course, quite unmanageable. Although greatly incensed at the failure of his plans, Sanetomo at last abandoned

his design, and sent messengers in his stead to China. Among the other members of the Embassy were—Ryoshin Sodzu ; Katsuzan Gwanzei ; Otomo Bungo no Kami ; Shoni Magotaro ; Oyama Shichirozaemon ; Utsunomiya Shimbei ; Kikuchi Shiro ; Murakami Jiro ; Miura Shurinosuke ; Unno Kotaro ; Katsumata Hyogo no Kami ; and Nanjo Jiro. The Embassy carried with them gold, silver, and various precious things, also timber and utensils—tools—etc., and on reaching their destination at the Capital of China related the story of the dream, presented money and offering to the priests, and built a gate for the temple. Greatly rejoiced, the Chinese priests desired to make return presents to Sanetomo, and therefore held a consultation on the subject, but the Japanese said—“ We have, in our country, money and treasure in abundance, and the Shogun therefore desires nothing. All we desire is to be favored by a loan of the Buddha’s tooth, in order that we may take it to our Lord so that he may worship it, and thus gladden his heart. After this we will return it to

you." The Chinese priests having been ordered to guard the relic by their Emperor, and the tooth being sealed, they said it was a difficult request to comply with, yet, as this was such a special request, they would lend the tooth on the understanding that it should be returned after Sanetomo had worshipped it.

Accordingly, the relic was handed over to the Japanese messengers, and they returned homeward accompanied by several Chinese priests. As they passed through Kyoto, the Japanese Emperor heard the news, and requesting that the sacred tooth be deposited in his Palace, kept it there for about half a year. The messengers having returned to Kamakura, and related the action of His Majesty, Sanetomo became very angry and ordered one of his people to go to Kyoto and fetch the relic. A certain old man named Tokuro Morinaga (over 80 years of age) volunteered to go, and, visiting the Emperor, urged his cause with such success that, although His Majesty was loth to part with the treasure, Morinaga was enabled to carry the tooth back to

Kamakura with him, and in honor of this event Sanetomo surrounded by a brilliant following of Lords and vassals came out to meet his aged messenger as far as Odawara and it is affirmed that many marvellous signs and wonders and strange phenomena marked the arrival of the sacred relic in the land.

A temple, the "Daijiji" (Temple of Great Mercy) was speedily constructed, and the relic duly placed therein, and later on in the time of Sadatoki Hojo (became "Shikken" in 1284) it was considered that the position of the "Engakuji" being between the "Inu" and "I" (Hound and Swin—two of the names of the Chinese Zodiac) was auspicious for the preservation of the relic, as it would bring happiness to and guard the city. A special "Shari Den" (relic shrine) was therefore constructed at the "Engakuji," and the sacred tooth was removed thereto.

It is said that during periods of war, strife, famine, pestilence, drought, and floods, if prayers were addressed to this shrine a wonderful answer

was always vouchsafed. Also that in the periods of the Mongolian invasion in Bunei and Koan (1264-1274 and 1278-1287) an auspicious omen was given through the power of the relic. It is further related that the God of the Hachiman shrine at Tsurugaoka appeared to the son of Yoshitoki Hojo when he was but eight years of age, and said :—

“ It is the greatest of all treasures—the most benevolent blessing—this relic of the Buddha which has come to Japan. I worshipped it daily and received countless blessings.”

After which he vanished. Such marvellous occurrences were very frequent.

On the 23rd July, 1384, the Government issued a notification giving grants of land to the monastery in Idzu, Sagami, and Kadzusa. This document is still in existence, but during the civil wars the lands were lost.

Of late years the Church has been thrown into a state of confusion by various changes, and the religious ceremonies attendant on the worship of the relic have been more or less neglected. How-

ever,—the world is now in a peaceful state, and all mankind bask in the clemency of the Emperor's benevolence : therefore we should earnestly pray that this peace may long continue, and that the Imperial House may flourish throughout ten thousand years.

In the “Dai Hankyakyo” (Mahapradjnaparamita sutra) it is written :—

“If good young men and virtuous young women respectfully and devoutly worship the relic of the Buddha, they will certainly not fall into either of the three evil paths of Jigoku—Gaki—or Chikusho (Purgatory : Hungry devils—and Beasts), but will be reborn in the state of human beings and celestial beings ; will be blessed with wealth and happiness, and according to their prayers will ride upon the three conveyances (Triyana) into Nirvana.”

In the “Hikwakyo” is likewise written :—

“In this World of suffering, my relics shall charge to an Emerald jewel for the sake of the poor and unfortunate, and shall scatter seven treasure upon all mankind. I will grant their prayers.”

The golden words of Buddha are perfectly true !

## BY A BUDDHA TEMPLE

In the voices of a bell  
Where prayer like a light all day  
Kisses the shadow-like chest of faith,  
I, a wearied note of life, have a home.

Along the path of the breeze  
Where love lone but happy sings and roams,  
I gather the petals of thought  
Nursed by the slumber of peace.

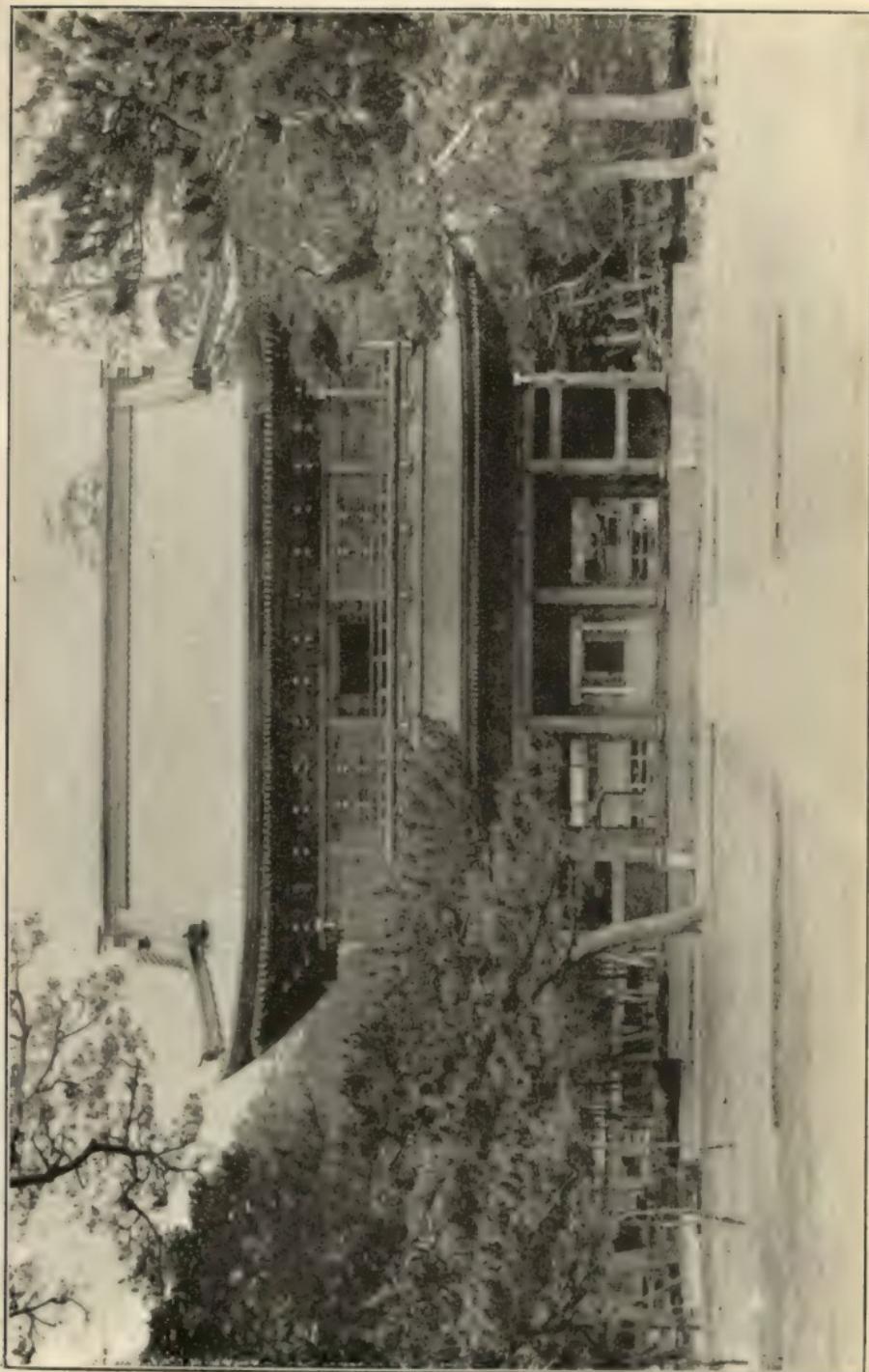
Truth, like the moon of day and night,  
Ever perfect, all silent and gold,  
Shed thy light over sorrow and cheer,  
Make me regain my rest and song.

Ah, through the mountains and rivers,  
Let thy vastness thrill like that of air ;  
I read thy word in the flash of a leaf,  
Thy mystery in the whisper of a grass.

## UNDISCOVERED KAMAKURA

AFTER all, this Kamakura is still almost an undiscovered country to foreign travellers, although it is supposed to be the first or second calling spot in the course of their Japanese pilgrimage. I dare say it is unknown also to the present Japanese themselves. By Kamakura I do not mean the town of the colossal statue of Buddha or the striking figure of Kwannon of Hase all golden in the dark or the red-painted Hachiman temple with the beautifully green background ; I admit that they are historical at least to the Japanese mind, and fantastically suggestive, no doubt, to the Western visitors. But my artistic sense is always repelled by the thought of the town generally known as Kamakura, which is most artlessly built, and commercially schemed. I know that the real Kamakura in the older meaning, the most reverential town of Buddhism and prayer, is not the town we see to-day. Once upon a time,—it is a long time ago—a mighty

GATE TOWER OF KOMYOJI





cataclysm of nature, a tremendous wave of the sea dashing far inland, destroyed the whole town and left it a perfect ruin for many centuries till modern Japan found it as a summer resort. When it awoke from the ashes and dusts, alas, it did not find the old glory and song, but only the hastily built villas of rich men and nobles. It is sad to see the Holy Buddha and Kwannon in an atmosphere and surroundings not congenial to their own spirits; they are obliged to stand in their own old places like lost spirits; and saddest of all, they are showpieces which are always shown out of place. Therefore known Kamakura is one of the most miserable sights. And I dare say it is not real Kamakura at all. Oh, where is, then, undiscovered Kamakura as I say?

For three long months of Summer I was almost wretched in feeling here at Kamakura that commercialism reigned over it; it is not only here but in any place called a summer resort that your commercial value is the first thing to be considered. But with the passing of September when the fierily quick song of the cicada gave place to the

gentler chant of the cricket, the summer people, we might say, ebbed away. And when we are done with the uncertain weather usually with rain and wind which is bound to follow after summer, we are, as I am to-day, with the autumn mellow and kind, the season of the clearest sky and softest breeze. It was natural that I found myself by the Yuigahama shore where I had not dared to step for two or three months as I had been afraid to confront the bathing crowd ; as I expected, I met nobody here to-day to my satisfaction. I sat with the sea for a long while, and dreamed, and then——

Into the homelessness of the sea I awoke :

Oh, my heart of the wind and spray !

I am glad to be no man to-day

With the laughter and dance of the sea-soul.

Dip the song of the sea and wind,

Throw it into my heart of longing !

I like to be with the clan of the waters and air :

Oh, my soul of the sea-soul and surge !

YUIGAHAMA





Roll in the wonder of the heart and sea,—  
Oh, my joy of the sea-soul and flash !  
Gather all the lights of the wind and sea,  
To guard against the black night !

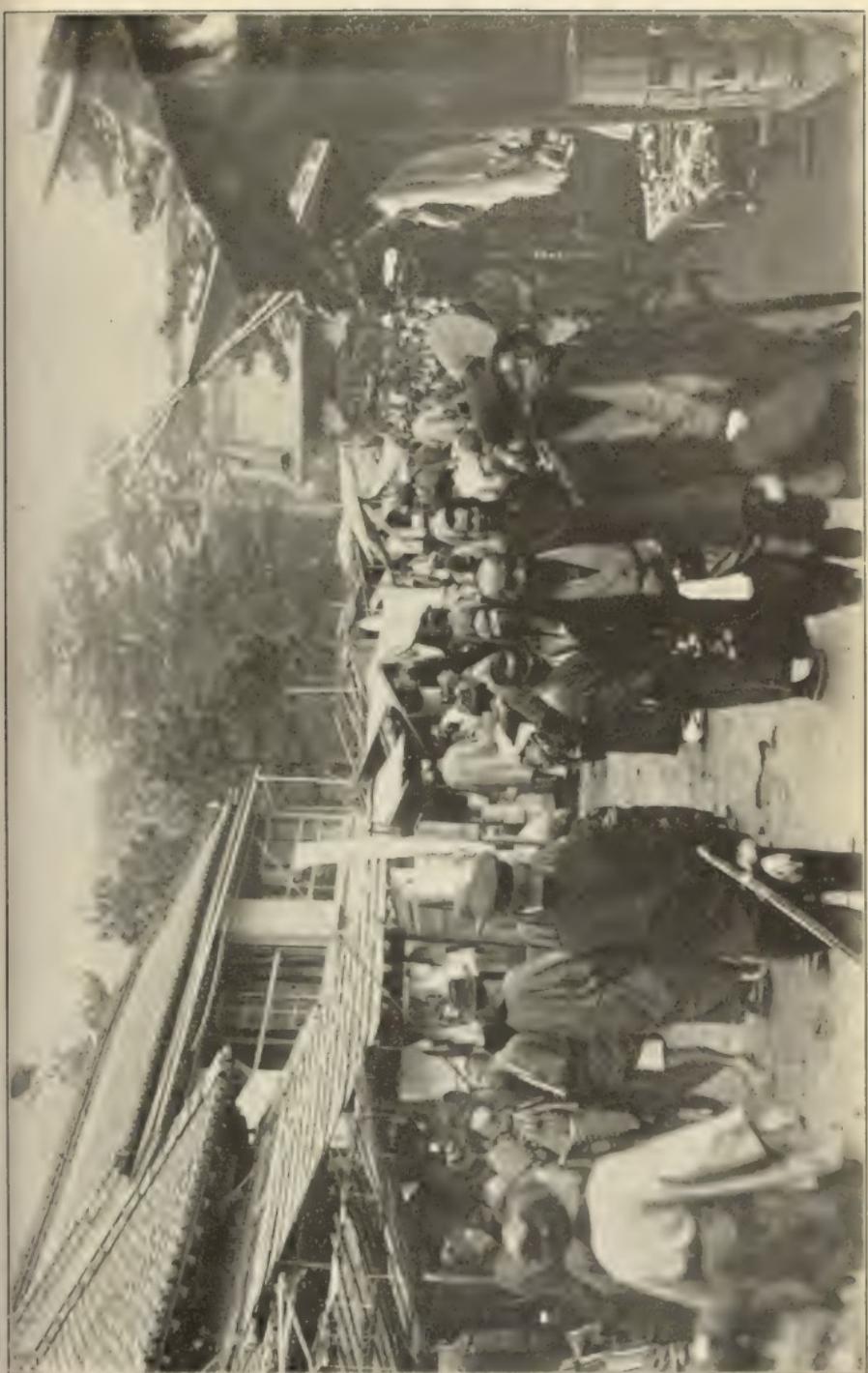
Of course the sky was as blue as could be. It seems that the snow already touched Fuji Yama as I saw far away the divinely white cone transcending the green foliage and hills which faced me. I am glad that Enoshima, the holy isle of the goddess of the sea or Benten, is so near to me that I can almost talk with it. This is the season when you can open your own heart to Mother Nature, and she will reveal her truest soul to you, in which you may find your own salvation. I believe that even the ugly part of the town or the part of "known Kamakura" would not look bad under this lovely Autumnal weather. I am sure "Great Buddha" will appear as the perfect form of contemplation or satisfaction with the decided background of the deep blue sky, not to-day under the uncertainty of cloud and sky of the summer season; and the red paint of the

Hachiman shrine which looked horribly oppressive under the hot sun, should now, I imagine, be toned down even beautifully through the soft air. Indeed, this is the time when you can find real Kamakura whose loveliness is sung in old poetry. And again this is the season when we reflect on ourselves, and adventure even into the Unknown, and if you are a Buddhistic believer, into the thought of the Paradise or Nirvana ; it is not unprofitable to think a bit of your future life or After-death.

I walked by the beach toward Kotsubo, the fishing village. I have nothing to do with the village, but my aim is to find out undiscovered Kamakura, the old town of Buddhism and prayer as I know how to find it. Because this is the thirteenth of October, the opening night of Juya or Ten Night Prayer held annually at Komyoji Temple. Again this is the very season when we feel like praying.

I approached Zaimokuza where Komyoji Temple, one of the five greatest temples in Kamakura, is situated close by the water whose rhyth-

A SIGHT OF JAVA





mical sound beating the sands and pebbles echoes to the hearts of Buddhistic faith as the tireless repetition of the holy name of Buddha Amidabha. The temple belongs to the Jodo sect which proclaims that the real salvation is gained only through fervency in calling on his name. Prayer in the real meaning is better than reasoning ; and the shortest prayer is the best. The single exclamation of "Namu Amida" is said to be worthy enough to make you born in the Paradise. Here I will say that you must go to the water to learn the secret of prayer, and in another word, the secret of the Jodo sect of Buddhism ; thus while I mused on one thing or another, my footsteps were already in the main street which leads to the entrance gate of the temple. What a sight ! What a crowd and what booths !

Although there was some little while yet before the real dusk, every booth was already lighted by candles and lanterns. It is not exaggeration at all to say that there were almost a thousand booths which were eager to make business with the people who came here to pray and hold a wake

before the holy Buddha. There was in fact nothing in the world that you might not find, even from the dust pan and broom to needles and threads ; as it was a Japanese affair in the country, the eating booths occupied a prominent part at this religious festival too. We, as somebody remarked, do not forget pleasures of the senses even in religion. Asceticism is not trying if you know how to undertake it ; this Ten Night Prayer is, on the other hand, the happiest sort of annual pleasure-making in country life. I think that it was even necessary for fishermen and farmers in the olden time before the age of railroad and carriage to come here and do the whole year's marketing ; even to-day when civilization and a bigger town are only one step out, they seem to find a joy in buying one thing or two, and recollecting a tradition or history. I walked amid the crowds and din, through the booths, and slowly entered the temple gate ; on both sides of the pathway, numerous shows were put up temporarily, where children swarmed ; I thought it freedom which let the joy hunters follow after their own purpose.

PRIESTS SITTING BEFORE THE HOLY DAIS





Who wishes to pray and repeat the holy name has to step into the main temple. I entered too.

The chief father with the other thirty and more monks already had taken his seat before the Buddha's holy dais ; the sixteen little girls called "Chigo," in two lines, left and right by the dais, with golden crowns on their heads, paper-made flowers of lotus and peony in hand, dressed in red and white, were charming pictures. When the sutra-reading commenced, more candles were lighted, and more incense burned ; the people who sat in the hall with the hearts of prayer were silent as a deep sea. The reading was finished ; the father turned from the dais to the people who called in profound voice the holy name three times after his lead, "Namu Amida!" Then the father and monks and "chigos" left the prayer hall noiselessly, leaving the people—more than one thousand in number to repeat the Buddha's name at their own wills.

I was permitted to stay over the night ; a little room in the monks' residence quarter was given me for sleeping. As I wanted to pass my hours

quietly, I did not dare to go into the crowd again ; when I wished to sleep, I was perfectly restless, being haunted by the praying sound of a thousand persons in the hall that rounded me as if a voice of the far-off sea, or forgotten ghosts. The voice of prayer is old as the truest heart is old ; I thought I had seen the religion of prayer in its still living life and fire.

Genku, the founder of this Jodo sect, left the principle on his death bed : "The method of final salvation that I have given for all mankind is neither a sort of meditation such as is practiced by many scholars in China and Japan, nor is it a repetition of a Buddha's name by those who have studied and understood the deep meaning of the Buddha Amidabha without even any doubt of His mercy whereby one may be born in the Happiest Land of the Buddha. The mere repetition with firm faith includes all the practical details such as the threefold preparation of mind and the four methods of religious service.

" If I as an individual have any doctrine more profound than this I should miss the mercy of the

two Honorable Ones, Amidabha and S'akyamuni, and be left out of the convent of the Buddha Amidabha. Those who believe this should, though they clearly understand all the teachings of S'akyamuni throughout his whole life, behave themselves like simple people who know not a single letter, or like ignorant nuns or monks whose faith is implicitly simple. Thus, without pedantic airs, they should practice fervently the repetition of the name of Amidabha, and that alone."

In the days of the old glory of Kamakura, when such a saying, "*Kwanto hakkakoku wo motte Nippon koku ni taishi, Kamakura wo motte kwanto hakkakoku ni taisu,*" (the Kwanto eight provinces can match the whole of Japan; and here Kamakura can match the whole of those eight provinces) was minted in gold,—in those days to be a Kamakura bushi or Kamakura man meant to be a Man on the face of earth. A cluster of fishermen's villages suddenly became the capital of the Eastern provinces under Yoritomo who originated the first feudal govern-

ment here ; and the place as I said, demonstrated the mightiest power ever known in history. However, Yoritomo and his family lasted only forty years in real power, being followed by Yoshitoki Hojo, wisely under the title of *Shikken* or Administrator ; and his family remained for one hundred and fifty years grasping at the breasts of Japan's sixty-six provinces, and dictating, but not justly always, till the downfall of Takatoki Hojo in 1307. However, the Hojo family started its administration with no small wisdom and creditable justice which the people welcomed, glad to breathe freely under the age of peace ; peace soon bloomed into the mellowness of prosperity which reached its height, it is said, under Yasutoki and Tokiyori, the successors of Tokimasa. They encouraged simplicity of living and rejected every habit of ease and luxury. And their minds were turned to the amelioration of people's condition and the desire to renew their prosperity ; they instilled the very spirit of Bushido, the precepts of Knighthood, into their souls. Above all they respected the Imperial

house in Kyoto. And they tried to impress upon the people that their guiding principle was to adore the gods and the Buddhas, as was clearly expressed in the *Goseibai Shikimoku* (code); they built temples, and invited many priests to Kamakura to whom they made obeisance as students.

Koben of Toganowo, a priest in those days, once exclaimed: "Were Buddhism a religion represented by the present generation of priests, it would be the worst in the world." In truth, the religious decadence had almost reached ebbwater mark; the priests had lost the people's respect, and Buddhism turned to a childish rite itself, its real spirit utterly vanishad. However, its revival in one form or another was expected when Yoritomo came to power; and the time ripened with the rise of the Hojo family. Yasutoki and Tokiyori and others found their religious ideal in the Zen Buddhism. Tokiyori, the then *Shikken*, who went to China for the purpose of studying the Zen Buddhism, received "bosatsukai" and afterward, he invited a So priest named Doryu from China, and built for him the Kenchoji temple

which might be said to-day to be the companion temple of the Engakuji temple. The latter was built later by famous Tokimune, the very son of Tokiyori, the fourth administrator of the Hojo family.

The Zen Buddhism which professes to seek salvation in your own soul, that is to say, through the virtue of your meditation, was not, however, accessible for the masses, only belonging to the upper class of intelligence and culture. And then how should the souls of the masses, ignorant and uncouth, be saved? Here Nena of the Jodo sect entered into Kamakura with his religion of prayer, and at once became the light and law to them. What is religion if not faith? Faith is fire and life; with it, indeed, you live and die.

It was Tsunetoki, the second administrator of the Hojo family, who built this Komyoji temple for Nena, originally at Sasuke ga Yatsu, and soon afterward moved it here to Zaimokuza where it still stands. The Imperial Court often invited him and his successors to Kyoto, and thought

their presence an honor. Many emperors expressed their respect toward the temple in one thing or another. We see still to-day the Imperial writings in their autograph, most of them being preserved as tablets hung at the proper place. It was at the time of the Emperor Gotsuchimikado that Yusu, the chief father of the ninth generation of the temple, started this Juya annual festival under the Imperial command. As you see, the festival has a long history, being more than five hundred years old.

I read somewhere that the people born and bred amid natural beauties are far more religious than those deprived of them; it is certainly a great wisdom to built a temple in the beautiful spot with hills and waters as Komyoji Temple is situated. It is most natural for anybody, when the grand sun sinks in the bluest fathoms of sea, to turn his head to the West where, doubtless, the evening-glow brightens the horizon, and think of the place of Nirvana or paradise which, as the story says, lies in the West. Appreciation of Nature is, after all,

appreciation of religion. Get faith in the sun, mountains and seas ! Then your soul is saved.

## THE WONDER OF BRONZE

WE have also a time quite frequently when a little dissatisfaction at once turns even to a full-sized cynicism, and like a foreign traveller who has become suddenly sad, losing all excitement as things grow familiar, we feel even a ridiculous littleness in houses, in gardens, in everything, above all in the set manners. It is at such a time that we take the most indifferent attitude, as if we were not all in part responsible, and gladly speculate in cold blood upon the degradation of modern Japan. Where is artistic surprise, a thing wonderful and intense? There still in fact exists such, if one knows where to find it (Japan is not wholly lost); and if you see it at the unexpected corner, particularly when you are in a bad humour, your joy will be surely doubled. It is exactly my own case whenever I see the Daibutsu—"O, holiness, holiness!"—and it is singular enough that the place where the statue dwells always appears to me strange and sudden.

(I assure you, however, I have seen it a hundred times). And at least I make myself believe the place is sudden and strange to make my prosaic life interesting with a happy break. Indeed, Japanese life is not so romantic as it is written in a story.

It is not easy for anybody to think that such a wonder of human creation (Daibutsu great and eternal) ever stands quite near the station at Kamakura; it is not much more than one mile from there, taking the main thoroughfare at the right. I am sure you would never think that you will come at the end to anything worthy, when you see about yourself a common sort of country town of modern Japan not much different from the others, perhaps less individual and striking, because ambition looks merely to going into commercialism; and you cannot, under the heaven, make yourself believe the town is connected with one of the greatest arts that to-day exists. If you are not sure the great idol of Buddha is waiting for you at a certain place, you will, I believe, turn back at the start as quick



THE DAIBUTSU



as you can. It is true it will wait for your coming, if necessary, even one thousand years.

This may be a proper place to tell you that this town of Kamakura, the great seat of the Shoguns from 1189 onward, and of the so-called Regents of the Hojo family during the troublous Middle Age, was the city of religious faith and art; and being taken by storm and burnt to the ground in 1455 and again 1526, it gradually lost its importance. You would see that the ancient city of Kamakura was not altogether uncongenial to your artistic temperament, and can well suppose that the great idol found quite a satisfactory home. Where is to-day a shop of picture cards and souvenirs there stood in olden day a mansion or castle of fighting heroes; where to-day we see a restaurant even with a sign-board in English may have been the home of an eminent swordsmith or painter. Kamakura is nothing if she has no history; for the sake of that history we try not to see the present.

I do not think it necessary to tell you to turn to the right after you have followed the main

road; you can trust in your artistic impulse in turning right; and when you once have turned right, you are already under the soft and gray Buddhistic atmosphere, and even feel the influence of the great idol. There is only ten or fifteen minutes walk before you reach the temple gate where the Niwo, the guardian gods, watch for any undesirable intruder. And you see face to face the great holiness right beyond the gate, having a long courtyard in good order between.

Professor Chamberlain says in "Things Japanese": "He who has time should visit the Daibutsu repeatedly; for, like Niagara, like St. Peter's, and several other of the greatest works of nature and art, it fails to produce its full effect on a first or even on a second visit; but the impression it produces grows on the beholder each time that he gazes afresh at the calm, intellectual, passionless face, which seems to concentrate in itself the whole philosophy of Buddhism,—the triumph of mind over sense, of eternity over fleeting time, of the enduring majesty

of Nirvana over the trivial prattle, the transitory agitations of mundane existence."

That is said beautifully and truly. But if you know the Daibutsu's real measurements you will be surprised at its large scale and great size ; and yet you must have a power to perceive a wonder of its proportion. The measurements are as follows :—

	Ft.	In.
Height ... ... ... ...	49	7.00
Circumference ... ... ...	97	2.20
Length of face ... ... ...	8	5.15
Width from ear to ear ... ...	17	9.20
Round white boss on forehead	1	3.47
Length of eye ... ... ...	3	11.60
Length of eyebrow ... ... ...	4	1.98
Length of ear... ... ... ...	6	6.54
Length of nose ... ... ...	3	9.22
Length of mouth ... ... ...	3	2.08
Height of bump of wisdom ...	—	9.52
Diameter of bump of wisdom	2	4.56
Curls (of which there are 830) :		
Height ... ... ... ...	—	9.52
Curls (of which there are 830) :		
Diameter ... ... ... ...	—	11.90
Length from knee to knee ...	35	8.40
Circumference of thumb (say)	3	—

The eyes are of pure gold and the silver boss weighs 30 pounds avoirdupois. The image is formed of sheets of bronze cast separately, brazed together and finished off on the outside with the chisel.

It is not out of place to tell a bit of its history, I believe. It is said that there has been a temple in the place since the 8th century ; but its precise history is involved in obscurity. Tradition says that the Shogun Yoritomo, when taking part in the dedication of the restored Daibutsu at Nara in the 6th year of Kenkyu (1195), to which place he had been called by the Emperor to supervise the ceremony, conceived the desire of having a similar object of worship at his own capital of Kamakura, but died before he could put his plan into execution. Itano no Tsubone, one of his waiting ladies, undertook to collect funds for the purpose and the priest Joko assisted her with such devotion that in the 1st year of Gennin (1224) the first image which was of wood was begun to be built, and it was completed in the first year of Rekinin (1238). A

splendid chapel was also constructed here in the first year of Kwangen (1243); but in the autumn of the 2nd year of Hōji (1248) the chapel was overthrown by a storm, and the image badly damaged. And Itano no Tsubone was called to action, being assisted by the Shogun Prince Munetaka, who provided the metal to cast a bronze image and restored the temple in all its former splendor. The image was commenced in the 4th year of Kencho, and the maker was Goroyemon Ono, an artificer of Yanamura of the Kadzusa province. It is indeed sad that nothing is known about him; but his glorious work remains as it is. It was the first time that such a marvelous piece of metal work had been successfully attempted in Japan, and the perfect mastery of form and beauty and grandeur of outline is a great triumph of Japanese art. It is in the words of a true friend that John La Farge said: "Like all work done on archaic principles, the main accentuations are overstated, and saved in their relations by great subtleties in the large surfaces. It is emphatically modeled for a colossus; it is

not a *little thing made big*, like our modern colossal statues ; it *has always been big*, and would be so if reduced to life-size."

Further he remarks : " Astounding success of the artist in what he has really done, for there is no trace of means ; the sum of realism is so slight, the conventional has so great a part ; each detail is almost more of an ornament than of a representation. One almost believes that the result may be partly accidental, that as one cannot fathom the reason of the expressiveness of a countenance, or of the influence of a few musical notes, so it seems difficult to grant that there were once many paths opened before it.

" And still more do I believe that the accident of the great tempest has given a yet more potent and subtle meaning to the entire figure. Once upon a time its details indeed, if not its entirety, must have looked more delicate in the reflected light of the temple building, when the upper part of the figure glittered in answer to the opening of the doors. But could anything ever have rivaled the undecidedness of this background of veiled

sky and shifting blue, which makes one believe at times that the figure soon must move? As one looks longer and longer at it, with everything around it gently changing, and the shadows shifting upon its surface, the tension of expectation rises to anxiety. The trees rustle and wave behind it, and the light dances up and down the green boughs with the wind; it must move—but there is no change, and it shall sit forever."

Indeed, it is far better to see this gigantic divinity of bronze with folded hands, and head inclined in ecstatic contemplation, in the open air rather than in the house, because we can go straight, with its presence right before our faces, now looming above the trees, then almost appearing to move through their openings into the true heart of Mother Nature,—the hills, the sky (what depth!), the sunshine and air; to truly understand it is the very way of one's own salvation. When you look upon the Daibutsu's unwinking, changeless face perfectly free from all the disturbance of the world which is always subject to time and change, you are entering into the state of

Nirvana already on the spot. It is here that once I wrote :

I that sit in your haven am a sea-tossed boat ;  
I lay my body and sail under your breath.  
You that pitied me, you that greeted me,—  
Oh, what a scent that is the Lord Buddha's !  
Here the air, mist-purple, is laden with prayer ;  
Ah, let me join to your prayer and soul !  
(Ah, Holiness, Holiness !)  
Touch me, heal my sea-wounded heart !  
Your hand, blessed, is but the Nirvana's.

It has been my joy now for many years to see it and linger about it in Spring or Autumn, under the sunshine or rain ; I see its soft gray and violet tone when a faint but lovely Autumn fills fully the little hollow—the haven of peace and prayer ; and when the hot Summer light falls on it, its color is curiously pale. I again agree with Mr. La Farge that it was just as well not to have any imposing monuments like the great cryptomeria round here, as the whole impression comes only from the statue ; he was always right in the matter of art.

## BY THE DAIBUTSU AT KAMAKURA

Above the old songs turned to ashes and pain,  
Under which Death enshrouds the idols and trees  
with mist of sigh,

(Where are Kamakura's rising days and life of  
old ?)

With heart heightened to hush, the Daibutsu for-  
ever sits :

O, holiness, holiness of triumph and voicelessness !  
At times, the lone pilgrims in whiteness of prayer,  
Called by the sudden voice of shadow, chanting  
the dream,

Are seen as the swallows upon the sadness of seas :  
O the ghosts stirring the ruins of faith from  
mortal heart.

Leave not the world and humanity to be wholly lost,  
Save the idols and songs from the centuries' sigh,  
Build again the house of light on the prayer of  
Earth :

Where is the world with the Nirvana sky and  
thrill of faith ?

I pray and again pray, "*Namu ami dabutsu.*"  
On the ground the pale shadows of the Daibutsu  
and myself—  
The moon swings through the grayness of sad  
trees and eve ;  
With the idol and moon I here step with my  
head bent :  
We three in the rapture of Eternity and silence !

## NICHIREN

LET me note down a brief history of Buddhism in Japan ; as with the development of any other phase of civilization—what a vast difference between the civilizations ancient and modern !—we translated Buddhism most literally at the beginning, and then we saw the formation of Japanese Buddhism, that is to say, Buddhism Japanized. It was in the reign of Kinmei, the twenty-ninth emperor, that Buddhism was first introduced from China ; the prince Shotoku built the temple Tenwoji as early as 587 A.D., at present Osaka, Naniwa as it was then called. Buddhism soon became a great faith among the populace as the emperors led its course, all of them in the Nara dynasty (708-769) ; we have enough of temples even to-day that will serve to explain what power this new religion attained. When Saijo and Kukai, two Buddhistic scholars, returned home from China at the beginning of the ninth century, they were officially commissioned to build the temples,

the former at Eizan, Northeast of the capital (Kyoto then), and the latter at the South end where Toji with famous pagoda stands to-day as of old. They can be properly called the founders of Japanese Buddhism under whose power it took deep root in Japan ; the numbers of the sects that had been already introduced then here were counted eight. After the death of the famous Kukai we had no introduction of any new sect ; but the religious fire was never extinguished. Emperor after emperor, noble after noble, built temples of their own faith, and beautified them with new altars, bronze idols, pagodas and bell-towers. The age of religion and art was soon followed by the age of swords that lasted for some time ; but when it subsided near the close of the twelfth century, the religious enthusiasm again took fire but in a different form perhaps. The Zen or meditative school of Buddhism that was brought from China in the early part of the so-called Kamakura age, tacitly denied the pomp and formalism that belonged to the other sects ; its esoterism or metaphysics interested the minds of

the ruling classes. But the populace found a more simple belief in the priest called Genku who established the Jodo or "the Pure Land" sect; his teaching was only to tell them that calling on Buddha's name in "Namu Amida Butsu" (I commit myself to thee, O Amidabha) was the assurance of their entering into the paradise. The Shin sect which might be called a branch of this Jodo sect was started by Saint Shinran who at once broke the views or rules of chastity and combined priesthood with the common joy of life; its vulgarization as one might say made at once the approach of the people to religion easier. And again we had one more branch of the said Jodo sect in Jishu which was more or less similar in observance with the sect from which it sprang. Now we have the three sects of Buddhism practically created by Japanese; and with the Zen school of the intelligent class, they, in fact, controlled religious Japan. But we found ourselves to have one more Japanese religion of Buddhism through a boy that was born to a fisher's family in the village of Kominato or "Little Haven" in

the Awa province on a certain day of January of Teiwa, that is, 1222. It is already remarkable to speak of the real founder of a new sect and "a Shudra of the sea-coast" as he called himself in the same breath; his name is Nichiren, and his sect is called after it. There are, in fact, few stories more wonderful than Nichiren's; and it was mainly enacted here at Kamakura, the capital of his own age. I am happy to write down the most remarkable points of it.

Whenever I happen to pass by Komachi Koji, the street that runs East parallel to Wakamiya Oji, the main thoroughfare leading to the Hachiman shrine, I used to linger round the spot where the monumental stone for Nichiren's street preaching stands, and imagine the undaunted spirit and extraordinary conviction of his religious career. Street preaching was a thing unheard of in the land in 1254 when Nichiren started it. I can hear at once in imagination the gibes and railings of the street audience; in fact, he was alone in the world with the Pundarika Sutra in which he found the Mysterious Law of the White Lotus, but his



THE CAVE WHERE NICHIREN HAD WRITTEN  
HIS "RISSEI ANKOKU RON"



faith that "as a promulgator of the sutra, he was Shakyamuni's special messenger, and as such Brahma served him on his right hand and Sakra on his left, the sun guided him and the moon followed him, and all the deities of the land bent their heads and honored him," made him unafraid of people's persecution. When he was accused that it was not proper for a man of his order to preach by the wayside, he said that it was quite proper for any man to eat standing in time of war. (Indeed, he was in a field of battle with his religion.) When he was rebuked that the other forms of worship could not all be mistaken, he at once shouted aloud that the scaffold was of use only till the temple was done. He believed that he alone held the secret of the law, and was the only one messenger of heaven sent to save the world. He said somewhere : " Know that the Jodo is a way to Hell, the Zen, the teaching of infernal hosts ; the Shingon, a heresy to destroy the nation, and the Ritsu, an enemy of the land. These are not my words, but I found them in the sutra. Hark to the cuckoo above the cloud. He knows

the time, and warns you to plant. Plant now therefore, and do not repent when the harvest season comes. Now is the time for planting the Lotus Sutra, and I am the messenger sent by the Worshipful for that end."

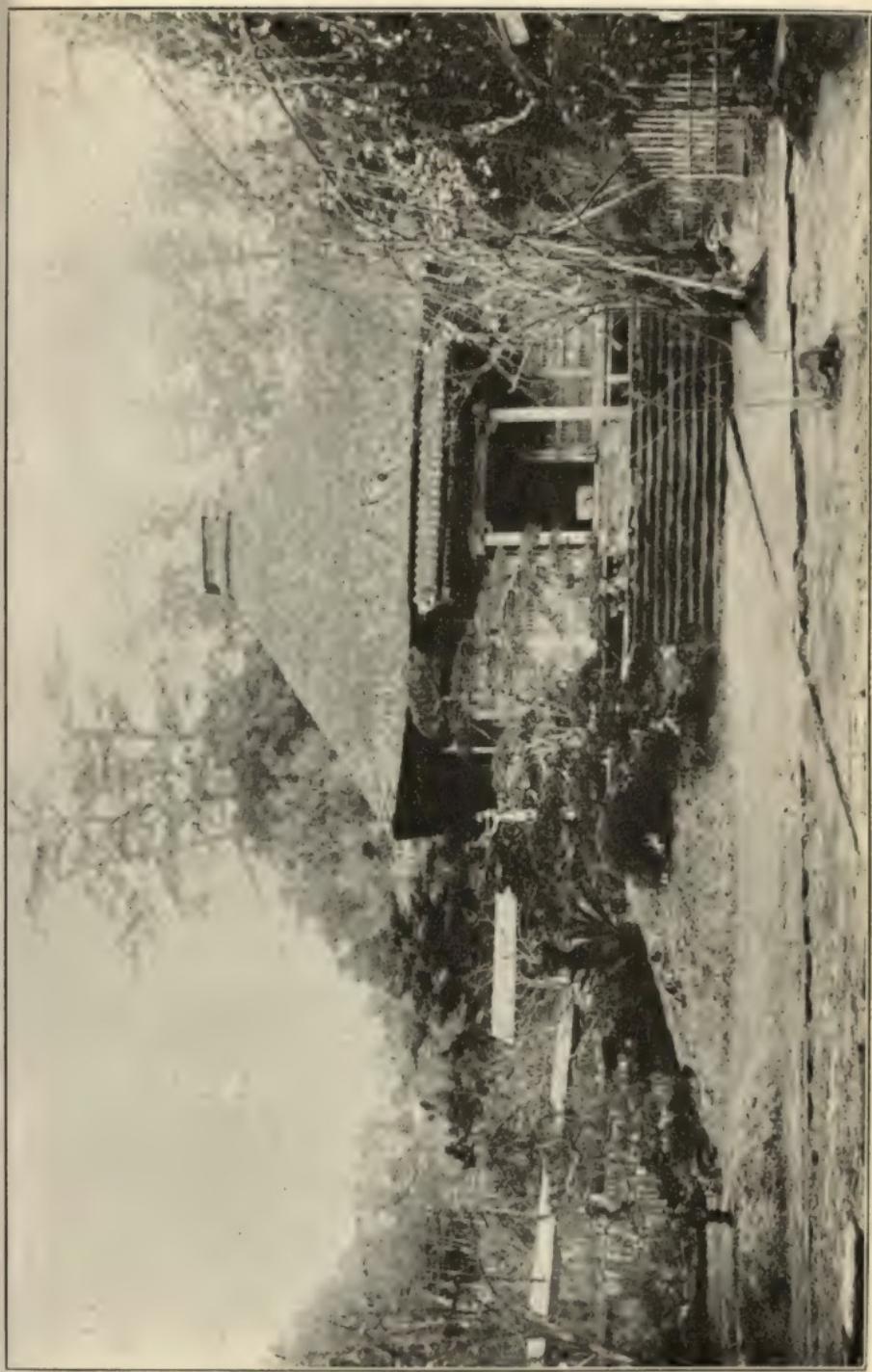
Mr. Kanzo Uchimura says in his able essay on Nichiren : "Most of his doctrines, I grant, cannot stand the test of present day criticism. His polemics were inelegant, and his whole tone was insanoid. He certainly was an unbalanced character, too pointed in only one direction. But divest him of his intellectual errors, of his hereditary temperament, and of much that his time and surroundings marked upon him, and you have a soul sincere to its very core, the honestest of men, the bravest of Japanese. A hypocrite cannot keep his hypocrisy for twenty-five years and more. Neither can he have thousands of followers ready to lay down their lives for him. 'A false man found a religion ?' Carlyle exclaims : 'Why, a false man cannot build a brick house.' I look around me, and I see 5000 temples manned by 4000 priests and 8000 teachers and 1,500,000—

2,000,000 souls worshipping in them after the manner prescribed by this man ; and I am told to take all these as the work of a shameless mountebank ! ”

It is true that there was no man of religion like him who made himself a favorite mark of attack ; and that attack soon began on him when he declared he was alone the saviour, and holy messenger to human kind. After Buddha had spent many years on different sutras, he finally come to the Saddharma-Pundarika Sutra ; for it he spent the last eight years of his life. It is quite a natural conclusion that his last sutra contained the essence of his teaching ; and Nichiren found it to be “ the principle of all things, the truth of eternity, and the secret importance of Buddha’s original state and of the virtue of his enlightenment.” When Nichiren began to preach his doctrine and faith, he never excused anybody or any religious sect from his attack ; and again he was himself the very mark to be attacked. He was called a blasphemer and a sort of charlatan ; in truth, he was a terror for all the priests at Kamakura in those days.

When he published "Rissei Ankoku Ron" (A Treatise on Bringing Peace and Righteousness to the Country) he was obliged to leave the capital in the role of exile, on account of disturbing the public peace. In the book, he told the evils that the false doctrines brought to people, and that the remedy could be gained only in the universal acceptance of the Pundarika Sutra; and he even prophesied a civil war and foreign invasion. It is singular enough that we had soon a foreign invasion from the Mogols, although I do not believe that his prophesy was fulfilled as his followers are glad to say. This remarkable book, it is said, was written in a little cave in Matsuba ga Tani (Dale of Pine Leaves) where he had a little straw hut, from where he went to Komachi Koji for street preaching; to-day a little temple called Ankokuji stands as his memorial. And the cave is the one you see at the right beyond the gate.

He resumed his religious battle when he returned to Kamakura from Idzu where he was banished; his vigor and audacity were almost out





of his control, when the authorities of the Hojo government decided to hand him over to the executioner. He was duly taken out to Tatsunokuchi to have his last moment ; the whole affair is a most terrible event of the religious history of Japan, as it was the day when the law forbade capital punishment for the priest class. How he escaped from death is dramatically told in a popular book ; when the executioner raised his sword to cut him down, he repeated the sacred words from the sutra whose power brought down a sudden wind and thunder. The blade the executioner lifted was broken into two or three pieces ; and his hands that held the sword were at once paralyzed. And soon an official messenger from Kamakura reached the spot with a writ of release ; he was to leave the capital again for a long exile in Sado, a far-away island in the Japan sea (of course the place of death). Whoever goes to Enoshima the holy isle of the goddess Benten, taking a car from Kamakura, has to leave the car at Katase. Near there, at the height on the right hand side one may see a somewhat prominent

looking temple called Ryukoji. That is the temple built in memory of Nichiren by his followers after his death at the place where he sat repeating the sutra under the executioner's sword.

He was never idle in his life of exile ; he preached his faith wherever he went. By this time, he was not religiously alone ; on the contrary, the numbers of believers in his doctrine increased. And the authorities at Kamakura began to look upon him with fear as well as with admiration ; and when his prophecy of the foreign invasion seemed to be realized in fact, its attitude wholly changed, and he was recalled to the capital in 1274, being given a charter for the free promulgation of his faith in the land. He finally conquered.

Mr. Uchimura writes : " He now began to think of retiring to a mountain after the manner of his Hindoo master, there to end his days in quiet contemplation and instruction of his disciples. Herein we believe lies his greatness, and the main reason of the permanence of his sect. When the world began to receive him, he left it. Here was



PAGODA AT RYUKOJI



an opportunity for stumbling for souls smaller than his."

He wisely retired into Mount Minobu, West of Fuji Mountain under the silence of foliage and mist ; but he died in 1282 at Ikegami, near Tokyo, where he went as a guest of one of his disciples. When an idol of Buddha was brought to his death bed, he begged to move it away, and ordered a *kakemono* to be unrolled before him, with the name of Saddharma-Pundarika Sutra written in Chinese. Then he turned his tired body aside ; when he clasped his thin hands toward it, it was his last moment. As Mr. Uchimura declares, he was not an idolator, but a bibliolator in the real sense.

## THE HACHIMAN SHRINE

IT is merely an assemblage of four lines of stone (often of wood); but it is one of the creations of art, like the obelisk or the pyramid, quite an impressive and original symbolic gate. Whether it came from the sacred heart of Northern India or elsewhere, there is something of the beginning of man, when he lived and talked with the birds. As the name Torii indicates, it may be nothing but a perch for fowls; is it not right to fancy then, that it is the very place where they hail the daybreak? There is no other sight like the daybreak that takes one's mind at once back to the age of mythology and nature-worship when our ancestors (nay gods) lived primitively like the fowls on that Torii, under the thatched roof of *kaya* grass; if there is a proper entrance to a Shinto shrine, the shrine of our ancestors or heroes, that is the Torii; primitiveness only inspires reverence pure and simple, that you never feel before a Buddha temple. You will become

FIRST TORII OF THE HACHIMAN SHRINE





awestruck by the silence that flows from the complexity of Buddhism; but we have a human strength in the simplicity of Shintoism; let us protect our primitive faith. I cannot help bowing from my heart of hearts whenever I pass under the Torii.

When I say that here we have three torii belonging to the Hachiman shrine, you already understand that it has nothing to do with Buddhism. All of them, artistically speaking, are splendid pieces of art, especially the first which stands farthest from the shrine, on the road called Wakamiya Oji, nearer to the sea, amid the big pines; it is now under government protection. But the precinct of the Hachiman shrine properly begins with the second Torii which you see at your left when you leave the station; till you get to the third Torii, you have to pass by the shops of a thousand varieties of shellwork souvenirs, and many inns for pilgrims. Beyond the Torii, you see at once a large stone bridge which is a perfect semicircle, of whose origin we knew almost nothing; it was regarded, I believe, most

sacred in the ancient age, only meant for the quiet crossing of the gods. The bridge on the left is flat, very common, being of wood, painted red, for daily use ; when we pass over it we see on both sides of the sacred ground large ponds of lotus flowers.

As I have had my temporary home at Engakuji for some time, far beyond the Hachiman shrine, I used to pass by it almost daily, especially in Summer, on my way to the sea, and admire the lotus gracefully veiled in the purple haze of the August sunlight, some of them gesticulating as if on the point of flight, and other dropping their heads quite sadly. Why it is sad, my thought of fantastic turn often tried to fancy. I often imagined that it had ample reason to be sad as the old glory of famous Kamakura is only to be traced in odds and ends. When I smelled a faint odor of the flowers rising in lazy whiffs, I thought it to be a ghost hunting after memories old. The lotus flowers never appear gay to our Japanese mind, but to be sadly pious, evidently a religious sort of beauty as, in fact, it is a

Buddhistic flower. I see that when the Ryobu Shinto, a mixed religion, prevailed, a compromise between Buddhism and Shintoism itself, that is before the grand restoration, and people thought that they were the same thing while they looked opposed at least in usage, there were round here many Buddhistic buildings, the gate with the guardian god of Niwo to begin with, the bell tower, the Chinese pagoda, the temple called Gomado where the incense was burned day and night, the building of the Holy Books, the main temple of prayer as well as the habitations of the priests ; but they were abolished some fifty years ago when it was proclaimed that the Shintoism should return to its original simplicity. And only the lotus ponds remain here to make us think of the old days. It is sad that the famous Niwo, the work of the eminent sculptor Unkei, was deprived of its own home, and at present keeps its unhappy life at the Jufukuji temple of some distance.

Though it may not be so beautiful as Lafcadio Hearn once wrote somewhere on " the approaches

to high places of worship or of rest, the Ways that go to Nowhere and the Steps that lead to Nothing," this sacred ground has its own special charm; here Nature's fine moods of light and form and color are verily well united with man's handiwork; oh, what a lovely contrast of green of many giant trees and red of the Hachiman shrine which comfortably cuddles in the bosom of the back hill. When you are in the next precinct a few steps higher, you are already facing the most stupendous stone steps, sixty-two in number, which lead you to the upper principal shrine of Hachiman, which consists of entrance tower, of the main building, and of the roofed corridor around the main shrine, where are the swords, armors, banners and the thousand relics of writing and art, most of them belonging to this Kamakura age. Hachiman belongs to the heroic period of the Empire; he was the son of the Empress Jingu, the conqueror of the three kingdoms of Korea (200 A. D.) naturally the bravest of soldiers. When she had attained the age of one hundred years, she transmitted the



THE HACHIMAN SHRINE



sceptre and crown to him ; he was then already seven-one years old. He reigned gloriously for forty-three years under the name of Ojin, and was raised after his death, to the rank of a protecting god of the country ; and he was the patron of soldiers. There is no doubt that Yoritomo, the real founder of the Kamakura feudalism, made the Hachiman shrine most important, and made his followers promise to live up to their fighters' name. His own age was still bloody and barbarous, although the later time of the Kamakura age which lasted some one hundred and fifty years might be called the period of art and religion ; it was only after the overthrow of the Taira family ; his trust was in his swords and bows. He was a mere slip of an orphan born of Yoshitomo ; and he was less than fifty years old when he became the Shogun, literally "Generalissimo," through sheer force and tact in the battlefield, the most powerful man of the empire in his days, whose fingertip was strong enough to move whole Japan.

Let us stand before the entrance tower and look

down over the valley where present Kamakura shows its existence. You will see white wave after wave washing the Yuigahama shore far away ; and here right before you a stretch of pine trees parade like a sentinel. But you will be astonished to discover that what you can see is really small, and wonder whether this is the place where Kamakura, the ancient feudal city, the habitation of a million people, once had its seat.

When we descend the steps, we see at the left a shrine called Shita no Miya (the lower shrine), the sight of which makes us at once imagine the most dramatic scene of Japanese history ; it is the very place, it is said, where Shizuka, that mistress of Yoshitsune, the youngest brother of Yoritomo, was summoned even by force to appear before the Shogun (Yoritomo) and dance, as she was originally a famous dancer, to please his whim. I can well fancy that it should have been a great occasion as I read in the book that Suketsune Kudo, Shigetada Hatakeyama and other famous warriors of the day also made their

presence to play an accompaniment of Shizuka's dance. As I said, she was forced to dance before the Shogun and his followers ; she objected at first as Yoritomo was no other but her enemy. Her lord, Yoshitsune, was brutally driven away by him as he appeared a great opponent to his own ambition ; and what a great work Yoshitsune did toward the speedy overthrow of the Taira clan, and how he helped to bring his eldest brother to that distinguished position ! Now he was obliged to leave the capital as if he were a shamefaced criminal ; and Shizuka was summoned to dance before her enemy as if she were a professional dancer for money. How could she stand such treatment ! My imaginative eyes can clearly see her egg-shaped face tragically white, her eyebrows straight and almost immovable, her sadness touched with ghostliness. If the Shogun wished her to dance she thought she must dance, but people would soon see what she could do. The music was already begun ; she rose before the hundred warriors with open fan ; lo, her dance was commenced. And she

sang. What song? She sang aloud a love song lamenting her lost lover and lord and even wished that the days of the past would soon become the present again. It is said that all the warriors were almost frightened as they did not know what the Shogun would do with her; she was such an undaunted spirit as she thought she was perfectly right in loving her own lord. Yoritomo got mad; he immediately retired, it is said, within the screen. Oh, what a difference to the women of the former age, especially at Kyoto, when the Imperial Court was a rendezvous of superstition and love, the emperors and ladies spending day after day over music and poetry. They were a symphony of softness and exuberance, like the crimson masses of the flower or the lower clouds seen through the Spring mists; but how vague and delicate they were! They were indeed the most transient characters of cherry-blossom whose beauty speedily departs under rain or wind. And what a wonderful soul those women of the fighting clans like that Shizuka had; even the Shogun could not trample down their will.

I walked around here slowly and meditatively ; my imagination saw a little thin old priest who was giving a cat of silver to a boy. The priest was the famous poet Saigyo ; he talked over the night with Yoritomo who at the poet's departure gave him the silver cat of great price. What use was it for the poet, a spirit of wind ? The Shogun was again, as with Shizuka, outwitted by the poet ; and there are many people, I believe, who would wish to be a Saigyo rather than a Yoritomo. I am one of them.

## ENOSHIMA\*

THE road slopes before us as we go, sinks down between cliffs steep as the walls of a cañon, and curves. Suddenly we emerge from the cliffs, and reach the sea. It is blue like the unclouded sky—a soft dreamy blue.

And our path turns sharply to the right, and winds along cliff-summits overlooking a broad beach of dun-colored sand; and the sea-wind blows deliciously with a sweet saline scent, urging the lungs to fill themselves to the very utmost; and far away before me, I perceive a beautiful high green mass, an island foliage-covered, rising out of the water about a quarter of a mile from the main land,—Enoshima, the holy island, sacred to the goddess of the sea, the goddess of beauty. I can already distinguish a tiny town, grey-sprinkling its steep slope. Evidently it can be reached to-day on foot, for the tide is out, and has left bare a long broad reach of sand, extending

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\* Written by Lafcadio Hearn.



ENOSHIMA



to it, from the opposite village which we are approaching, like a causeway.

At Katase, the little settlement facing the island, we must leave our *jinrikisha* and walk; the dunes between the villages and the beach are too deep to pull the vehicle over. Scores of other *jinrikisha* are waiting here in the little narrow street for pilgrims who have preceded me. But to-day, I am told, I am the only European who visits the shrine of Benten.

Our two men lead the way over the dunes, and we soon descend upon damp, firm sand.

As we near the island the architectural details of the little town define delightfully through the faint sea-haze,—curved bluish sweeps of fantastic roofs, angles of airy balconies, high-peaked curious gables, all above a fluttering of queerly shaped banners covered with mysterious lettering. We pass the sand-flats; and the ever-open Portal of the Sea-City, the City of the Dragon-goddess, is before us, a beautiful *Torii*. All of bronze it is, with *shimenawa* of bronze above it, and a brazen tablet inscribed with characters declaring: “*This*

*is the Palace of the Goddess of Enoshima."* About the bases of the ponderous pillars are strange designs in *relievo*, eddyings of waves with tortoises struggling in the flow. This is really the gate of the city, facing the shrine of Benten by the land approach ; but it is only the third *Torii*, of the imposing series through Katase : we did not see the others, having come by way of the coast.

And lo ! we are in Enoshima. High before us slopes the single street, a street of broad steps, a street shadowy, full of multi-colored flags and dark blue drapery dashed with white fantasticalities, which are words, fluttered by the sea-wind. It is lined with taverns and miniature shops. At every one I must pause to look ; and to dare to look at anything in Japan is to want to buy it. So I buy, and buy, and buy.

For verily 'tis a City of Mother-of-Pearl, this Enoshima. In every shop, behind the lettered draperies there are miracles of shellwork for sale at absurdly small prices. The glazed cases laid flat upon the matted platforms, the shelved

cabinets set against the walls, are all opalescent with nacreous things,—extraordinary surprises, incredible ingenuities ; strings of mother-of-pearl fish, strings of mother-of-pearl birds, all shimmering with rainbow colors. There are little kittens of mother-of-pearl, and little foxes of mother-of-pearl, and little puppies of mother-of-pearl, and girls' hair-combs, and cigarette-holders, and pipes too beautiful to use. There are little tortoises, not larger than a shilling, made of shells, that, when you touch them, however lightly, begin to move head, legs, and tail, all at the same time, alternately withdrawing or protruding their limbs so much like real tortoises as to give one a shock of surprise. There are storks and birds, and beetles and butterflies, and crabs and lobsters, made so cunningly of shells, that only touch convinces you they are not alive. There are bees of shell, poised on flowers of the same material,—poised on wire in such a way that they seem to buzz if moved only with the tip of a feather. There is shell-work jewelry indescribable, things that Japanese girls love, enchantments in mother-of-pearl, hair-

pins carven in a hundred forms, brooches, necklaces. And there are photographs of Enoshima.

This curious street ends at another *Torii*, a wooden *Torii*, with a steeper flight of stone steps ascending to it. At the foot of the steps are votive stone lamps and a little well, and a stone tank at which all pilgrims wash their hands and rinse their mouths before approaching the temples of the gods. And hanging beside the tank are bright blue towels, with large white Chinese characters upon them. I ask Akira what these characters signify :—

*Ho-ken* is the sound of the characters in the Chinese ; but in Japanese the same characters are pronounced Kenjitate—*matsuru*, and signify that those towels are most humbly offered to Benten. They are what you call votive offerings. And there are many kinds of votive offerings made to famous shrines. Some people give towels, some give pictures, some give vases ; some offer lanterns of paper, or bronze, or stone. It is common to promise such offerings when making petitions to the gods ; and it is usual to promise a *Torii*.

The *Torii* may be small or great, according to the wealth of him who gives it ; the very rich pilgrim may offer to the gods a *Torii* of metal, such as that below, which is the Gate of Enoshima.

Now we are going to visit the Dragon cavern, not so called, Akira says, because the Dragon of Benten ever dwelt therein, but because the shape of the cavern is the shape of a dragon. The path descends toward the opposite side of the island, and suddenly breaks into a flight of steps cut out of the pale hard rock,—exceedingly steep and worn, and slippery, and perilous,—overlooking the sea. A vision of low pale rocks, and surf bursting among them, and a *Toro*, or votive stone lamp, in the centre of them,—all seen as in a bird's eye view, over the verge of an awful precipice. I see also deep round holes in one of the rocks. There used to be a tea-house below ; and the wooden pillars supporting it were fitted into those holes.

I descend with caution ; the Japanese seldom slip in their straw sandals, but I can only proceed with the aid of the guide. At almost every step

I slip. Surely these steps could never have been thus worn away by the straw sandals of pilgrims who came to see only stones and serpents !

At last we reach a plank gallery carried along the face of the cliff above the rocks and pools, and following it round a projection of the cliff enter the sacred cave. The light dims as we advance ; and the sea-waves, running after us into the gloom, make a stupefying roar, multiplied by the extraordinary echo. Looking back, I see the mouth of the cavern like a prodigious sharply angled rent in blackness, showing a fragment of azure sky.

We reach a shrine with no deity in it, pay a fee ; and lamps being lighted and given to each of us, we proceed to explore a series of underground passages. So black they are that even with the light of three lamps, I can at first see nothing. In a while, however, I can distinguish stone figures in relief,—chiseled on slabs like those I saw in the Buddhist graveyard. These are placed at regular intervals along the rock walls. The guide approaches his light to the face of each

THE CAVERN





one, and utters a name, "Daikoku-Sama," "Fudo-Sama," "Kwannon-Sama." Sometimes in lieu of a statue there is an empty shrine only, with a money-box before it ; and these void shrines have the names of Shinto gods, "Daijingu," "Hachiman," "Inari-Sama." All the statues are black, or seem black in the yellow lamplight, and sparkle as if frosted. I feel as if I were in some mortuary pit, some subterranean burial-place of dead gods. Interminable the corridor appears ; yet there is at last an end,—an end with a shrine in it,—where the rocky ceiling descends so low that to reach the shrine one must go down on hands and knees. And there is nothing in the shrine. This is the Tail of the Dragon.

We do not return to the light at once, but enter into other lateral black corridors—the Wings of the Dragon. More sable effigies of dispossessed gods ; more empty shrines ; more stone faces covered with saltpetre ; and more money-boxes possible only to reach by stooping, where more offerings should be made. And there is no Benten, either of wood or stone.

I am glad to return to the light. Here our guide strips naked, and suddenly leaps head foremost into a black, deep, swirling current between rocks. Five minutes later he reappears, and clambering out lays at my feet a living, squirming sea-snail and an enormous shrimp. Then he resumes his robe, and we reascend the mountain.

"And this," the reader may say,—“this is all that you went forth to see: a *Torii*, some shells, a small damask snake, some stones?"

It is true. And nevertheless I know that I am bewitched. There is a charm indefinable about the place,—a sort of charm which comes with a little ghostly thrill never to be forgotten.

Not of strange sights alone is this charm made, but of numberless subtle sensations and ideas interwoven and interblended: the sweet, sharp scents of grove and sea; the blood-brightening, vivifying touch of the free wind; the dumb appeal of ancient, mystic, mossy things; vague reverence evoked by knowledge of treading soil called holy for a thousand years; and a sense of sympathy,

as a human duty, compelled by the vision of steps of rock worn down into shapelessness by the pilgrim feet of vanished generations.

And other memories ineffaceable : the first sight of the sea-girt City of Pearl through a fairy veil of haze ; the windy approach to the lovely island over the velvety soundless brown stretch of sand ; the weird majesty of the giant gate of bronze ; the queer, high-sloping, fantastic, quaintly-gabled street, flinging down sharp shadows of aerial balconies ; the flutter of colored draperies in the sea-wind, and of flags with their riddles of lettering ; the pearly glimmering of the astonishing shapes.

And impressions of the enormous day,—the day of the Land of the Gods,—a loftier day than ever our summers know ; and the glory of the view from those green, sacred, silent heights between sea and sun ; and the remembrance of the sky, a sky spiritual as holiness, a sky with clouds ghost-pure and white as the light itself,—seeming, indeed, not clouds but dreams, or souls of Bodhisattvas about to melt forever into some blue Nirvana.

And the romance of Benten, too,—the Deity of Beauty, the Divinity of Love, the Goddess of Eloquence. Rightly is she named Goddess of the Sea. For is not the Sea most ancient and most excellent of Speakers,—the eternal Poet, chanter of that mystic hymn whose rhythm shakes the world, whose mighty syllables no man may learn?



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